

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Scared To Die"

I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here livin' on a planet full of fools
I ain't scared to die, I ain't got shit to lose
Plus I ain't happy here, no, I ain't happy of your family

I ain't scared to die, even though I wanna live
Deep down inside I'm a cross between homicidal, suicidal
'Coz I was born to give my life like the Messiah
Smokin' weed till I can't get no high, tryin' to ease the tension

Heavenly Father, did I mentioned in my confession
The world got me stressin', maybe death will be a blessin'?
[Incomprehensible] grew up learnin' lessons in the street
From seminary to 72nd in Lacey in the east

Side of Oakland, California I was on my own at a early age
That's why I'm filled with rage
I know the system is responsible
For the conditions of my black folks in the ghetto

All across America, their funk is deeper
I put the message in the music to wake you up out your sleep but
How could I keep my head above the water
When the force of the current is pullin' me harder than I can swim?
Sometimes I feel like I oughta die the death of a martyr
Before they kill me, I'ma slaughter [?]

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I ain't scared to die, I ain't scared to kill
I'm a righteous black gorilla from the hill of 72nd in Lacey St

To all my comrades in the pen, wait for me
I swear to God, I'ma set you free
Even if I gotta lay it down in the dirt and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'
If I'm dyin' atleast I died puttin' in work
And if there's Hell below, we all gon' go
Death can't hurt unless we die slow

Sometimes I look up in the mirror starin' deep into my own eye
Searchin' for the strength to carry on
Wonderin' if I died a physical death

Will my people remember me when I'm gone?

The ghetto is a warzone, 7200 is my head code
'Coz when the funk is on I pop the clip up in my chrome millimeter
The Grim Reaper, keep my heater in my shoulder
[?] soldiers at the hideout

Righteous black gorillaz 'bout to ride out, to put the smash down
Run up in the bank, yellin', ?We want the cash now?
To finance a revolutionary struggles all around
Lay it down on the ground

And if I hear the sound of a siren
I won't hesitate to get the firin' on everybody in the buildin'
Killin?, I'm a villain because I'm black
Put your hands up to the ceilin', keep on fillin' up the sack

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